

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall list him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greu'd
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commision to imploy those souldiers
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'll read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night wee'll feast together,
Most welcome home.

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.

Prince of Denmark

My Liege and Maddam, to expol
What maiestie should be, what du
Why day is day, night, night, and
Were nothing but to wast night, d
Therefore breuitie is the soule of w
And tediousnes the lymmes and ou
I will be brieft, your noble sonne is
Mad call I it, for to define true mad
What ist but to be nothing els but
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse a

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis
And pittie tis tis true, a foolish fig
But farewell it, for I will vse no ar
Mad let vs graunt him then, and n
That we find out the cause of this
Or rather say, the cause of this def
For this effect defectiue comes by
Thus it remaines, and the remain
Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she
Who in her dutie and obedience,
Hath giuen me this, now gather a

To the Celestiall and my
tified Ophelia, that's a
beautified is a vile phrase
her excellent white bosom

Quee. Came this from Hamlet

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhi
Doubt thou the starres are fire,
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lye,
But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these
my grones, but that I loue the
Thine euermore most deere I

Pol. This in obedience hath my
And more about hath his solie